

The New Alliance

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Drama

Language: English

Characters: Rtas 'Vadumee, T. Hood

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2011-08-21 04:37:23

Updated: 2011-08-21 04:37:23

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:31:50

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,406

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: May, 2553. The Humans and the Elites have formed an alliance and along with that goes some shared resources. However, old grudges die hard. For the sake of the the treaty, the regular soldiers must hold it together and somehow, work with their new allies.

The New Alliance

****Hey, peoples. I know that I should be working on my other story that I said I would do, but this one just started coming to me, and before I knew it, this was all written in one day, as opposed to the little tiny bit I was able to get done on the other one over the course of a week. So, if you want me to keep on with this one, tell me. Otherwise, it'll be more up to if a thought line evolves from this rather than conciously working on it. Thanks!****

****Just so you know, this is a Pos-War fic about what happens with the Human-Sangheili alliance after the events of Halo 3. Please understand that there isn't alot to go on about the Elite's culture other than they are extremely honor oriented. Because of this, I'm probably gonnna have some trouble figuring out the culture clash here, so if you have an opinion on the subject that you would like to share, go for it!****

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><p>Chapter 1: Recap and a New Spotter

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><p>As far as regular Marines of the UNSC go, I, Harley Nobbe am not a reg_ular one. First off, despite being named after the classic motorcycle-which is cool, by the way-I'm not a boy. I'm a girl. Second off, I am one of the best black ops snipers on the _In Amber Clad_. But that was before the _Battle for Installation 05_, before the shit hit the fan, and before once the loose alliance had

been made with the Elites and I was reassigned to a small black ops unit that was a human-elite mixture._

_ It seemed that the UNSC wasn't the only military with more than a few scheming aspiring politicians. When the battle outside the control room of the Halo ring went down, me and Jason McTavishâ€"my brother figure/best friendâ€"were posted outside to make sure that no Brute reinforcements got through. I would be the first to tell you that it was beyond weird to be fighting alongside the split-lips instead of against them. Jason McTavish was the heavy weapons and demolitions expert, favoring rocket launchers, SPNKrs, and a few strategically placed LOTUS anti-tank mines against the Brutes, while I did what I did best, and sniped even though my spotter had already been killed on the way by the Brutes. He was a good kid, Ben, a good spotter and pseudo little brother. A few white armored ultras, as we later learned that they were called, noticed our skills and for some unfathomable reason, looked up our files while on the way back to Earth to assist the defenses there. Somehow, somehow, one of them had been able to have the two of us transferred this squad semi-permanently in a move that would take the clearance of Lord Hood or another elite commander of about the same rank to change._

_ Turns out that, while the elites did consider the human race below them, there was a more that considerable amount of them who wondered why humans weren't allowed into the Covenant, as they deemed us honorable fighters if physically weak. It also seemed to be common practice for them to allow the defeated soldiers of opposing forces to join them if they put up a good fight._

_ The elites' forces really took a good little drop during the 'Great Schism' as they put it. It just looked to me like a bunch of Baby-Kongs took a chunk outta a bunch of Split-Lips. Probably why they didn't mind us joining in with themâ€"they'd gotten a good taste of genocide as well, but I digress._

_ So right as we got back to Earthâ€"for some reason Master Sergeant Johnson and the rest made it back on a ship several days before us, we found a Flood infestation down on Voi. I can't even describe the shock and horror that we both felt. The Flood, those things that we'd fought on Halo were here, on our home planet! Well, actually it was more Jason's home planet. I was born on Jericho VI. But still, it was the planet that we killed, fought, and would die forâ€"and to see it invaded by those slimy bulbous creatures, it almost broke Jason. _

_ Then, almost immediately after, the ship we were on, _Mendicant's Astucity_, part of the _Fleet of Retribution_ jumped through the slipspace portal to The Ark. About the same thing happened there, but when we finally stopped the batshit crazy Prophet from activating all of the Halo rings the _Astucity_ jumped back to friendly space along with the _Shadow of Intent_ and several other ships. The _Forward Until Dawn_ stayed behind along with the Chief and the Arbiter to activate the Halo ring there, because supposedly it was too far away from the rest of the galaxy to destroy it._

_ The victory wasn't without it's costs. We'd finally beaten the Covenant, but at great loss. 23 billion lives lost, civilian and military, and most of the human worlds glassed and uninhabitable. As for Jason and I, ignoring the physical scars we both carried now, we had fallen victims to the ever unbeatable Time Thief. Both of us are about forty years of age, but because of time spent in the freezer,

physically and mentally we're both around twenty-two. The last time I saw my family was on Jericho VI, ten years ago. My oldest sister, who's fourteen years older than me, by the way, was already a grandmother. It was an extremely brief visit; I stopped in to speak with my eldest sister for the scant hour or so that I had and then I was gone again. Planetary defenses came first. In a way, I didn't want to know what had happened to my family, but I do know that when Jericho VI was glassed they got out in time and moved to Mars. Jason would be in the same boat, but he was orphaned in a particularly nasty car wreck when he was nine, so aside from me, he has no family. The reason the Time Thief got to me was that after my first battle with the Innies, when I was seventeen the shock and horror from killing fellow humans got to me and I made it a habit after that to spend as much time in cryo as possible, to keep from having to deal with the dreams and the nightmares. After a bit I got over itâ€"don't get me wrong, the event stayed with me, I just desensitized myself to itâ€"but the habit of staying in cryo kept and I just did it out of habit. It ended up being easier. You didn't have to think about all the near misses, the things that could have been, the people that didn't come back that should have, the people that deserved to live so much more than yourself; thinking about those things was what drove good Marines insane to the point of suicide. When you battle hopped, getting out of the freezer only when you were called on to fight left no time for such thoughts. My problem, though, was that I had been fighting long enough in almost constant battles that war was becoming second nature to me, a mere reflex, and during the fights, my thoughts would catch up to me._

_ For instance, this new alliance with the Elites. I can understand military alliances made for the sake of necessity and both sides really needed the support of the other, but is it really right for us to suddenly be friends with some of the head honcho aliens that were just trying to wipe out our species about a week ago? Is allying with these split-chins respectful to those who have fallen? Will they end up betraying us once the threat to them is over and finish what they started? I don't know, all I can do is to pray about it and do what the higher-ups say._

I put the pen down and looked over what I had written. Somehow it had felt right to put my thoughts down on paper, as if I was ridding my mind of them. The part about the Elites was especially true. Jason and I had decided that we could most likely never be friends with them, but we could be on good terms and not trying to kill each other. It was a start, us being in this unit. The brand-spankin'-new translators in our helmets had allowed us to eavesdrop on the Covie Separatists and we had gained a juicy tidbit: they were recruiting others from the UNSC for this unit. Jason and I were just a start for their little squad.

One of the Ultras that had succeeded in making our transfer, Sota 'Oram strode over to where my brown-haired companion and I sat on UNSC ammo crates, his hooves making a resounding whump on the purple alloy floor. Jason pulled the music player headphones out of his ears but he didn't leave his game of solitaire he had going on the ground. He _really_ _didn't_ like ol' Sota because if he did he'd be making a crisp salute to the Elite right now. I, on the other hand, got off the crate I was laying down on and stood at attention, even if I didn't salute.

A few seconds later and a gold armored Zealot had joined us as well.

The two eight-and-a-half foot tall aliens towered over little old me, by a lot seeing as I'm about five two. Three and a half feet there.

Jason didn't leave his solitaire game until 'Oram growled out "You humans have been officially transferred to the _Fleet of Retribution_ and are now under my command."

The demolitions specialist got up from his game and stood at attention as well upon hearing the deal-sealing news. The significance of that act didn't go unnoticed by myself, or the Elites for that matter.

Sota 'Oram continued speaking. "War with the Brutes is not over, and I am forming a special unit for high risk missions. I have requested three other humans to join this unit and permission has been granted to me. But by the Forerunners, I will not tolerate insubordination." the silver armored Elite got up in Jason's face and snarled the last part. Jason did the thing a real Marine would do and looked at a fixed spot and didn't move a muscle. That move drove most human non-Marine officers crazy because it was also an effective way to half-way tune them out. Depending on the situation it could either be a 'sir, yes sir,' or it could be a 'fuck you'. In this case it was a 'fuck you' stance, whether the Elite knew it or not. I'm not sure if they had a concept of sarcasm because the Elite didn't do anything about the insubordination staring him right in the face.

Having made his point, 'Oram straightened and stepped back. The Zealot still hadn't said a word. I studied him out of the corner of my eye. The gold armor had some dings and chips in the armor and a peculiar chip on the front of the helmet. Almost as if...Ah. I did know this Elite. Or, sorta. Back on Halo before the alliance was made, I had been assigned to Sgt. Johnson and Cpt. Keyes' squad to infiltrate that 'Library' place and retrieve some unknown object. Johnson and Keyes wouldn't say anything about what it was we were after, only that it was essential to the mission. But anyways, at one point we were on this gondola thing going across this gorge, and there was another one half a mile off or so going the same direction. We were racing the Elites, to put it shortly. I tried to snipe one of them, a golden Zealot. I had the perfect shot, the headshot broke through the shields but didn't have enough oomphf to kill it. Knocked it over a good one though. I never got another shot because they stayed out of sight after that. It was during that mission that I'd lost my spotter, Ben Burnes. That's the main reason why I remembered it, but it also brought back that memory of the Zealot I almost killed. But, best not to mention it to an Elite who could very well be the one who sends me to my death on an op.

I smirked. 'Oram noticed and asked me if I had something to say.

"Sir, permission to speak freely, sir" I requested.

"Granted."

"My spotter was killed back on the Halo ring. I'll need to get a new one to operate at full capacity. I would like permission to leave ship to recruit one."

The Zealot nodded with understanding in his eyes. It was a strange

thing to meet face to face with someone you had almost killed before and be allies with them.

When I had fallen silent Sota 'Oram spoke once more. "You, sniper, are to leave on a drop ship to the surface of one of your worlds in this system and find a suitable spotter, as you call them." He instructed. "They will work with us in this operation. You leave in half a unit. Report to Agrom 'Vadum." he gestured to the Zealot. "Dismissed."

"Sir, yes sir." Jason and I said in unison and saluted.

The Elites left and we went back to what we were doing. Jason became engrossed once more in his card game and I started looking through the salvaged UNSC supply crates. Mostly ammo, some MREs, andâ€"Jackpot! I pulled out a music player system that was crammed in with some hacking equipment. I set it down and Jason saw it. He jumped up and tried to grab it a few seconds later.

"Gimme" he said childishly.

"Nuh-uh." I replied like a second-grader as well. "Finders keepers." I taunted before pulling a data crystal out of one of my pockets and inserting it into a slot on the player. A list of songs came up on the display and Jason selected one of them quickly before I could.

"McTavish," I complained. It really was all for naught as he selected some good oldies music, a metal band from back in the twenty second century. He turned it on loud so as to discourage any aliens from joining us over here but not too terribly loud enough to have them make us turn it off.

We laid back and relaxed a bit as I had a few hours before I was supposed to go down and find myself a spotter. I figured that I'd talk to some old friends about it and find one through them. While we were on the subject of music, Jason brought up the fact that I used to be a concert pianist.

"So, many years did you play?" He asked.

"Since I was three until I joined the Corps. Why?"

"I dunno. I remembered hearing some old classical music and wondered if you could still play." He said.

I shook my head. "It's like riding a bike. You never forget, but it takes some practice to get back into it. So, yeah, I can still play." I replied.

We fell silent for a few moments, listening vaguely to the worts and blargs that went on from the Elites. Years of fighting them allowed us to understand their basic commands and words in the language, but it seemed that we might be about to get a full on crash course in it. After a few minutes of sitting there listening to the music I got up and started to gather my gear together. Sniper rifle, ammo, the special clips I used for it, my M6D, and grabbed my identification as well as the new orders that I had received. This would be interesting, an interesting trip indeed.

* * *

><p>An hour later, I found myself on a drop ship headed for the surface of Mars and by extension, Ft. Athens, the Marine base located there. Agrom 'Vadum, the Zealot who was my commander now, was in the comfort of the cockpit with the pilot, presumably to let us kids in the back 'play nice'. I also found myself looking into the snarling mouth of an Elite as he tried to intimidate me. He also had pretty bad breath, now that I thought about it. I looked on impassively, not feeling any fear, but instead resisting an old reflex to snatch out the combat knife from my side and stab it into the bastard's neck, if you'll pardon my french. I'd done that to too many Elites that had gotten a little close for comfort and were trying to kill me at the time to be scared by one that was supposedly an ally and was only snarling at me.<p>

His mandibles were spread wide in my face as another circled me and sniffed aggressively, both way too far in my personal space for comfort. They say that dogs can smell fearâ€”maybe it's the same with Elites and that's what these two were trying to do. Men, all the same no matter what species, and always trying to intimidate anyone new to the group. Hmmm... Turns out that Elites have a lot more teeth than I originally thought they did, lots of needle-like teeth with larger fangs more like what you would expect located on the edges and the ends of their jaws.

About three other Elites were in the drop ship as well and seemed interested in the outcome of this encounter. Of the five Elites in the troop bay with me, two were red clad Majors Domos, and the other three were blue Minors. One of the Minors was in my face while a Major was circling me. When I heard snuffing noises by my right ear I turned my head slightly to give him a sidelong glance.

"You done yet?" I coolly asked.

He snarled in reply but backed off slightly. "You show considerable bravery for your kind, human." I wasn't sure what kind of reaction he wanted from me at that point.

"Considering that I've been fighting in this war from the very start, I've been in worse situations." I said in a slightly sassy tone.

Whatever the Elite was going to say in reply was cut off as the pilot announced that we were dropping into atmosphere and ordered us to strap in. ETA was five minutes. The two moved out of my space and strapped in, I did the same. The harnesses weren't meant for someone of the considerably more delicate and slender stature that five foot two women have. To say that it was slightly intimidating to be so much shorter and smaller than the Elites would be an understatement. The key was to psyche yourself out of being intimidated and never let it show on your face that you were the slightest bit scared.

* * *

><p>The outdoor shooting range at Ft. Athens was meant for just about every type of weapon you could hold. Short range, long range, mid-range, heck, the farthest target available was for snipers and it was two and a half miles away. That's where I found my old instructors, Sergeants Williams and Speigel. The two men had been

snipers since they had first joined the Corps. back in 2517, and it was only because they were the best that they hadn't been forcibly retired yet. I found Sergeant Speigel shooting a M6G, one of the less powerful handguns of the M6 series and waited for about five minutes for the old man to finish shooting and adjusting the sights. The red Elite beside me growled with impatience.<p>

"Why do you wait for the old human to finish? We have work to do here." For an Elite he sure wasn't doing a good job of acting the devoted and dangerous warrior.

I turned to face him. "Shut the hell up. That _'old human' _over there could snipe you from five miles away with ease. He's the best sniper the human race has ever seen, and from what I've seen of Covenant snipers, he's probably the best sniper in the galaxy." I growled right back at him. "So I would pay that _'old human' _a little more respect."

The Elite only 'harumphed' and said nothing. I turned back and saw that Sergeant Speigel was putting away his sidearm and polishing his brass. "Wait here, if you want to." I said to the Elite behind me before walking up to the ancient Sergeant and snapping off a crisp salute.

Speigel barely glanced in my direction. "Lance Corporal Nobbe, good to see at least one of my students survived." He said.

I took that as an 'at ease.' "It's Corporal now, sir." I replied.

The gray-haired man nodded. "I assume you have a reason to be here, other than to talk with an old man."

"Correct, sir." I took a deep breath before plowing ahead. "Sir, I've been assigned to a Black Ops squad as a sniper but my spotter is no longer with us."

"May I inquire as to how it happened?" It was like a game to this old coot, this back and forth talking. He had barely looked at me once, his attention almost completely focused on cleaning his sidearm.

"Classified." That one word was practically the answer to everything these days.

Sergeant Speigel finished reassembling the M6G and put it back in it's holster. He finally looked at me straight on for the first time. Time had not been kind to him. He had salt-and-pepper hair back when I first met him, now it was white. The wrinkles around his eyes had only deepened and he looked more frail physically, even if he could still take me down. He probably could. His eyes remained the same, though. Piercing deep blue eyes that would make an ONI officer uneasy. I had looked up the Sergeant's file one time, out of curiosity, and it was covered in black ink. The only part that wasn't was his physical description. He'd done more than his fair share of black ops. If the rumors were true, that included assassinating several minor Prophets over the years.

"I got one for you. Just finished Sniper School, in fact." The corners of his mouth curled up in a brief wry little smile, a rare

occasion. "You wouldn't happen to know a Sergei Kostova, would you, Corporal?"

I recoiled slightly. "If it's the Kostova I'm thinking of, it's my great nephew." My eldest nephew was Nikolai Kostova, and he was only six years younger than me. He could easily have a son already at thirty four. "If that's the case, I'm not sure about having a family member along on any ops, sir." It wasn't a lie but it wasn't the entire reason.

Sergeant Spiegel nodded. "Thought you'd say that. You might want to take into account that he almost beat your scores, Corporal. Off by about ten points. There's only a few Marines that I remember, and that's usually because they are exceptional Marines. You ranked one of the highest scores we've ever seen, and your great nephew came close to your record." He started walking to the next firing station.

I looked back and saw the Elite still standing there looking impatient. He had been joined by two others of his species. They were still waiting on me.

Speigel pulled out a BR55 and started to check the sights and magazine on it. "That kid is the best choice you got; get him quick before some ONI spook does. Even if he's part of your family, have you ever met him before?" He continued where he'd left off.

I shuffled slightly in guilt at that statement. He'd hit the nail on the proverbial head. "Sir, no sir."

He popped the magazine into the rifle before taking aim. "Then it shouldn't be a problem. No emotional ties that could compromise a mission. That's my recommendation, take it or leave it. I'm sure that Sergeant Williams will say the same." He finished by saying, "Now get out of here. I have work to do."

Compared to what we recruits had endured during training, that was one of the most gentle dismissals I'd ever received from the man.

"Sir, yes sir!" I saluted and left.

* * *

><p>The Elites were waiting for me at the gate to the range. "I got my spotter." I said as I walked past.<p>

The Major Domo who had been waiting for me caught me by the arm and leaned down to speak quietly into my ear. "You would do well to learn to respect those who rank above you, human. For your own safety."

That was true. I had been acting very short with the Elites mostly because I didn't like them, but not many would tolerate it. "Noted." I murmured back. Personally, if he was going to warn me, I'm glad he didn't say it out in the open.

Another Elite snorted. "Hasten, human. We must return to the Mendicant's Astucity before nightfall." He crossed his massive arms. "We have no other duties to attend to. As of such, we will

accompany you."

"Understood." I had an inkling that the Elites mostly wanted to see a human military base that wasn't burnt to cinders. Even so, I didn't really have a choice seeing as how the Major Domo outranked me.

* * *

><p>I don't know if y'all want more or what, but this story may get updated, it may not. At the moment, I don't really know, though. Ciao!_

End
file.